ANTENNAE



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"POETS ARE THE ANTENNAE OF THE RACE"

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LEAVES

Green leaves are falling
From the trees
In the spring.

The wind rakes them up
In the spring
By the wall.

A raindrop ignites them
By the wall
With a flame.

Green leaves are burning
With a flame
In the spring . . .

Leona Gom

WINDS

then some enigmatic will
will change direction is
I blow like this
like this

like this

is frightening real a thing
I fly from me
from me I mean I
cannot find the thing
I was that she is

flown is blown
is no more conversation
to be had
in your head
i have hid
a little lady-bug
a very scarlet was
is me I am
a Lady-Bug.

Lola Maltais

PINNOCHIO COMES ALIVE

Pinnochio carved was a playful puppet;
until he raised real issues and tissues
he had strings attached

and this an unreal game
you think I play
glorious and notorious things I say
childish extremes but wild screams
these running rules my tools for escape

but my doll has come alive,
moving and we're overlapping,
singing, having shot the gap
we've sparked a life, displacing
my early carving knife,
a feeding spoon,
nourishing now,
and I play in the sun
or under the moon
no longer make-believing

Pinnochio living, lied, grew a large nose
and please, when mine grows,
notice, just measure,
the size, amazing, larger-than-life!

POEMS by

NO MATADOR

A bull came a-charging
trampling men like flies
and dropping cow pies

the market place
was all a-clatter
and little men's chatter

a hat looked up to be a man
"bullshit, all bullshit"
and thus his argument ran

"the imposition of the stuff
on something that moves
without your doing, and enough"

the hat on a heap
flipped down
and went to sleep

a boy leapt on the bull
had the horns by the hands
and it flew through the lands

shouting and waving
till the bull quit raving
stopped and collapsed

the boy, cheered as a hero
was sweaty, bull-hairy and sore
but was no matador.

Donne-In

There is a steady trotting horse
who's on a never-swerving course
in grey black blinkers

a racing dog
is panting pounding
hounding after a mock hare

and I
Donned a curving visored cap
and panting, pursued a passing prostitute.

CHARLES NOBLE

The Reformation

After the flowers again
is the winter session
and you see the skater skating,
hands behind
Barefoot children nor a barefoot beauty
cannot reach him
Sure-foot shoes cannot reach him
Only skating you can find
the serenity in the snow
feel the exhilaration of the air
and take the turns
with the skater

You needn't break the ice
with aching broken jaws
opening up too wide
If the spring is ever really sprung—
incessant splashing water
with a hair-soggy formless face
involved in water in which you fight to move
and cannot glide

In the winter session
you see the study of a holy stillness
and cannot say
I have no use for a carol
that sings
of crystalline forms in a ride

THE OLD GODS

The gods we
no longer feed,
who live on
bony bread
buttered with sand, are
hungry as trumpets;

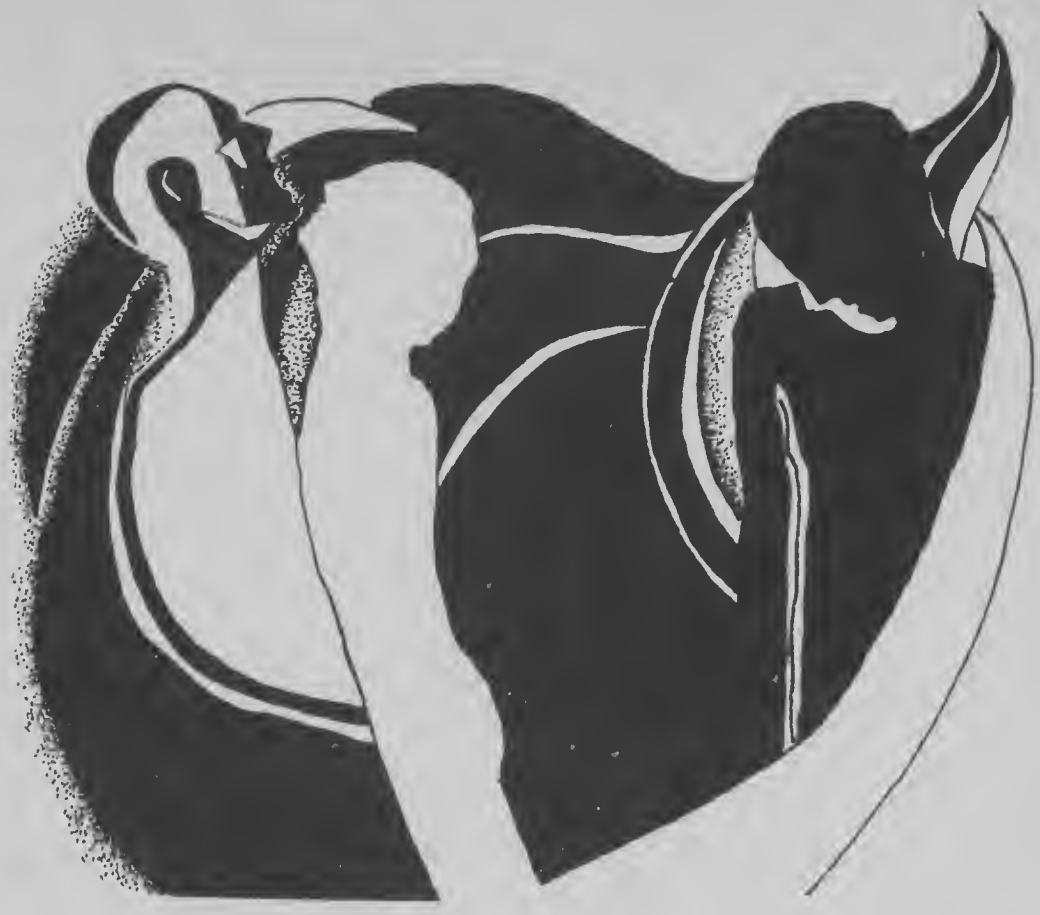
and we shiver
when they bray, since
their power
does not diminish
though day by day they grow
madder and hungrier



CHOIRS OF ANGELS

The angels sing on the outskirts of Heaven
what suburbia demands of them, a song of
too many payments to make and lawns too large
and the strain of driving to God every morning.

But below, in the slums, among the stables,
how sweetly those songs do sound, falling
from such a height that only their tune ravishes,
the words being lost in the extent of the sky.



BANDAGES

All is love and loves to die.
Tina's sister with her doll
on the bus: I still recall
how she and the other small

children laughed to see its breasts.
I suppose that was a death,
for the doll at least. And now
I am regaled with tales of how

my friend took off my friend's brassiere.
This would not be death did he
loathe her a little less, perhaps.
Meanwhile I sit, loving no-one,

watching my friends devour each other,
watching them dance themselves to shreds
which ribbons I collect, and use
to bandage, privately, my wounds.

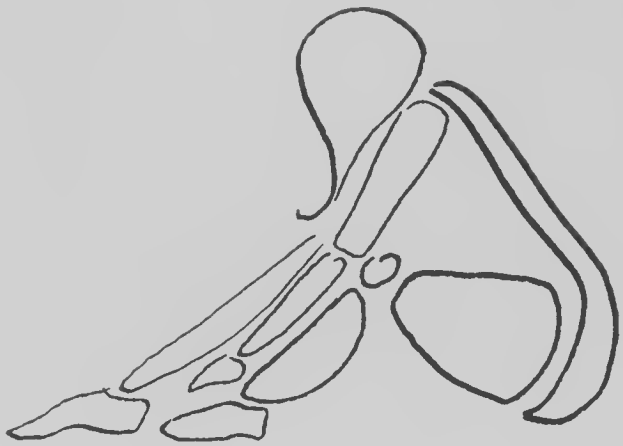
JOHN THOMPSON

"You've Got To Have a Present Tense"

I om o small girl
(ore we not oll
very smoll

requires o present
tense in-
tense motion (e-
motion
I move your very now
buries how
your now how very open
present

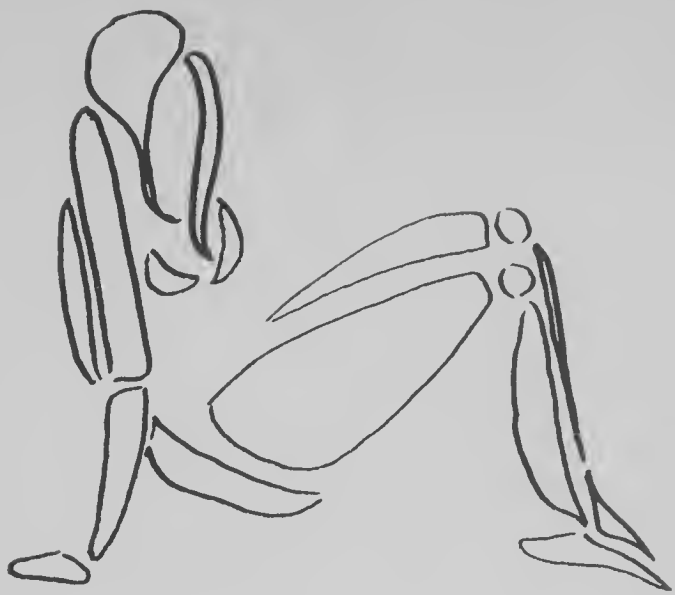
Lola Maltais



Love

After,
she set her cigarette
carefully upright
on the table
and watched it burn
down to the filter.
Then she loosed her breath
in o lough
and the oshes
powdered
their naked bodies.
"So much for a more,"
she soid,
ond left him.
Only loter
he remembered
she wos Italian.

Leona Gom



The Lovers

There are the lovers
Side
by
side
With their heads
bowed
In conference
They communicate about
Their world
And they talk
through the night
And they love
The lovers kiss
And the friends
Love
The lovers.

Rosyi-Maryi Martz



BURIAL OF THE DEAD



by

John Makowichuk

The ox cart jolted its two passengers from side to side as it tracked down the rutted road.

"It should be just over the hill, not too far from the road," the taller man said.

"Yes, I know." The shorter man was not dressed in the peasant garb of his companion.

The cart jolted further down the road; the two oxen strained with their load as they started up the final hill. A fresh rain had softened the road and added more weight to the cart load.

"God, that stinks!" The shorter man shrivelled his face, and waved his hand in front of his nose in an effort to gain fresh air.

"Oh, you get used to it. If you've lived in the country all your life you get used to the smell of fresh manure. I like it myself."

The smaller man looked at his companion weakly. "I guess so."

The cottages and their outlying buildings passed one after another, all alike by their repetition.

The tall man stood up in his seat when they reached the top of the hill. He pointed with his long slender finger. "Well, that's it: the one with the oak in front. Nobody been there for about twenty years; since the war. All we do is get down the hill—get moving Heinz, you too Brunhilde!"

The cart pushed the oxen down the hill. The tall man fought with the brake. "Damn government! When will they give us roads that can be travelled when it rains?"

The smaller man said nothing, and clutched the wooden seat to keep his position on the slivers. He winced as another splinter pushed its way through his pants. The ox cart rolled to a stop.

"Well here you are. Now you want me to pick you up the day after tomorrow; is that right?"

"Yes please, Monday if you would."

"I'll be around then. See you Monday."

"Yes, good-bye, and thank you."

"Get moving Brunhilde, you too Heinz!" The cart rumbled down the ruts, the tall man bouncing and flaying from side to side.

The smaller man watched for a while. 'Well, it's a living'. He walked towards the small house. It didn't seem to have changed much in twenty years.

"Gustav! Gustav! Gustav, go get the cow. Gustav!"

"Yes mama."

The path to the house was soft. His black oxfords were getting muddy. He could feel water leaking into the shoes.

"Gustav, did you ruin your good shoes? What will you wear to church?"

"I don't want to go to church mama."

"You'll do as I say, now sit down and eat."

He reached the large oak door. From his coat he pulled a large brass key. The lock rattled and clanked. Rust. He twisted it more, and the tumblers snapped the door open. He gave it a little push. The musty air swept out and swirled around him.

"Gustav! Gustav, open the door. It gets so stuffy in here."

"Yes mama."

He stepped into the porch. Once there had been seven pairs of muddy boots lined underneath the coat hangers. He took off his oxfords and put them under the second hanger. He reached into his valise and pulled out a pair of brown and white loafers.

"Gustav! Gustav, take off your muddy boots."

"Yes mama."

"Come here child."

"Yes mama."

"Your father has left. You're the man of the house now."

He remembered his father's fierce red beard. His father was a good man. 'Someday you'll be a better man than me, Gustav.'

"Your father has left. You're the man of the house now."

"Where mama?"

"It's time to go to church; get your brothers ready."

"Yes mama."

"Sing loud children."

"Amen."

"Yes; in Belgrade . . . no! not really . . . why that no good . . . with that harlot . . . poor woman. Yes; in Moscow . . . no! not really . . . not with him . . . I always thought he was queer . . . England, never!"

He put his valise on the floor, and walked into the main part of the house: The living room, kitchen and two bedrooms. The furniture was as he had left it. There were many cobwebs and much dust, but nothing had been moved or stolen.

"Gustav, Gustav; did you get the cow?"

"Yes mama."

"I have a treat for you."

"Why mama?"

"It's your birthday today; you're fifteen."

"I had forgotten."

He moved to the window and removed the inside shutter. He rubbed a clearing circle in the grime on the pane. He smiled a little and opened the window. The movement of fresh air swayed the spiders in their cobwebs. One fell by his feet.

"Don't kill a spider or it'll rain."

"Yes mama."

"Now go get the cow. Your brothers are hungry."

"Yes mama."

He moved to the round table and rubbed the layer of dust. There was still depth to the wood. His fingers felt the cut.

"What are you doing Gustav?"

"Nothing mama."

"Oh yes you are. Let me see! Don't put your name on the wood. This table doesn't belong to you."

"Yes mama."

He moved to the kitchen. A cup was overturned on the table. A plate was in the basin. A rat scurried into a cupboard.

"Set the rat-trap Gustav. You know how I hate rats."

"Yes mama."

He grabbed a broom from the corner and opened the cupboard door. The rat jumped out and ran over his brown and white loafers. He swung the broom and missed; the rat ran out the door.

"Where's father mama?"

"Go get the cow Gustav."

"Yes mama."

He shuddered a moment and put the broom down. He looked out the kitchen window to the remains of a twenty year old garden. He opened the back door. The weeds had grown to the doorway; like a thicket. The pump was back there somewhere. He could go to it later.

In the bedroom the sheets had rotted on the unmade bed. The curtains were shredded, and plaster had fallen on the remains of the feather pillows.

"Time to go to bed Gustav. Don't lock the door. Soldiers may come in the night and think we have underground people here."

"Yes mama."

"Don't be afraid of the shells. They are not meant for us. Go to your brothers and keep them from crying."

"Yes mama."

He went back to his valise, and took out an electric torch. The room was getting dark.

"Did you put the lamp away in the closet? Put a rag in the fuel can; I just filled it."

"Yes mama."

He moved to the closet and removed the lamp; shining the torch on a half-filled glass container of kerosene. The lamp required a little cleaning, but it was soon working.

He moved the lamp to the bedroom, and pulled out a sleeping bag and a canvas sheet from the valise.

"Goodnight Gustav."

"Goodnight mama."

He blew out the lamp and went to sleep. Banshee shells whistled over his head in the night. They landed in the cow pasture.

"Gustav! Gustav! Get in the cellar! Soldiers are coming! They're taking young men as hostages; the underground killed two soldiers last night."

"Yes mama."

He moved to the cellar, his brown and white loafers creaking on the old stairs. He crouched in the blind corner. Twenty years ago he had heard hob-nailed boots above him. He swung the electric torch to the opposite corner: A large rat's eyes shone back at him. Frightened, he ran upstairs.

"They've gone now Gustav."

He ran out into the garden, panicking as he ran into the old rusted pump. His shoulder hurt as spasms of pain painted an expression of death on his face.

"That's what you get for disobeying me; you'll get hit again if I catch you."

"Yes mama."

He rolled on his back and looked up at the blue sky. Birds were singing, and the hum of summer insects filled his head.

"Flowers. That's what you remind me of Hilda; flowers."

"Yes Gustav."

He got up and walked back to the house. His shoulder still hurting.

"I saw you with that girl Gustav. Go get the stick!"

"Yes mama."

He walked into the bedroom and fell asleep. Burrs and seeds were caught in his brown and white loafers.

"Go to bed Gustav. You'll get no supper tonight."

The rats chewed on the leather laces of his oxfords, and on the handle of his leather valise. One crawled up on the bed and looked into his face, then turned to the floor, its nails scratching the floor.

"Get up Gustav. You have to go to Mrs. Stange's today and get some eggs. Go through the woods and don't get caught."

"Yes mama."

He walked through the woods; the paths not as worn as they had been. Brush had filled many of the thicket entrances. He came to the stream.

"Gustav, my mother wants me to go to the city. She says it isn't safe for a young girl around here anymore."

"Oh no, Hilda!"

"Yes. Your mother talked to my mother."

"Oh."

He laid on the bank and let the sound of the stream ease him into sleep. His shoulder was still bruised and tender.

"Well you've finally returned. Have you got the eggs?"

"Yes mama."

He moved into the living room . . . It was Sunday evening. He opened a side cupboard and took out an old cross, a prayer book and a candle. He put them all on the table; lighting the candle and putting it in front of the cross. He knelt and read from the book. Only a rat in another cupboard heard his chanting.

"Get your shoes on Gustav. We're going to church."

"I'm not going mama. I'm not going!"

"Get your shoes on, or I'll whip you."

He looked up from the book, pain was moving through his shoulder. He looked at the candle and blew it out. "Get the cow Gustav. Get the cow. Get the cow. Gustav!" He took the torch and went to the bedroom.

"Get up Gustav! Get up! They're shelling the pasture!"

"What?"

"The children! I sent them for the cow. The shells!"

He ran out of the house through the back door. His brown and white loafers blurred past the old rusted pump, past the stream, through the closed thickets, down the covered paths, to the fence that enclosed the pasture. The timbers were rotted and had fallen in the deep grass. The hum of summer insects and the singing of birds were all that he heard. He walked back slowly almost crying.

"They're all dead; the cow too."

"It's all your fault! You slept and didn't get the cow!"

"Shut up mama."

"It's all your fault! You killed them!"

"No mama, no! Please shut up."

"You bastard! You're just like your father."

"No mama, he was a good man!"

"You bastard; you should die!"

"Oh no! No! No! Bitch! You bitch!"

He heard the tall fellow call out from the road. "Hello, are you ready?" The ox cart was on the road with a fresh load of manure.

"Just a minute. I'll be right there."

He went to the bedroom and packed his valise. He put it by the door, then walked over to the table and picked up the cross, book and candle.

"I'm sorry mama," he whispered. He walked out of the house, not bothering to lock the door behind him, and leaving his muddy black oxfords beneath the second coat hanger.

HYMN TO DIANA DAWSON

(a go-go girl)

Piltdown-passion priestess,
Chasteless lunar chaser,
Your plastic body twines
(A convulvulous hallucinogenic
Convulsing in contorted clonus),
Tendrils with tendered eroticity,
Coiling an oh-so-cute spectre-doggie
In a tick-tock, cold and vacuous coitus.

Low-calorie goddess, your moony marble
(Material, earth-bound as stony cubes)
Is as impalpable and as impregnable
As your necrotic Fallopian tubes.

by Elan Galper



LOLA MALTAIS

1 so you run
run
run a wonder-
full halo
a round is our head

2 Our Head
our head
we turn to
my face in
your face
in my

want

now the other intrudes
there
the glass wall
(even now the fabrication is
that it was never transparent)
you couldn't touch
see!
the crystals!

have we shattered
crystals
are mirrors
do they shatter
in-
to
you?

I have avoided saying
we go into each other

don't want the words
in your eyes

your body is

snapping its fingers
are waving
are flitting

like birds
to The East

3 is he at us now
offering his words
words he is

made of words
of laugh laugh
laugh your straw straw laugh

your hollow
straw

words



BOWING TO THE EAST

4 don't stond on your words
words
are the hollow
CONNEXIONS!
the things, vocuous
we put through glass
wolls

It has just occurred
the CONNEXIONS!
occur.

5 the clothes we ore
inside the clothes are
the gloss wolls

seldom
shotter

the crystal
(remains)
osks
thot we remove our clothes

6 con I let The Eost tell me
its Own Name
con I

bow

inside is flitting of finger-
birds
(is your neck broken little bird?)
will you olwoys be
the little bird
who flits ond dies
ond flies into The Eost

O little bird!

7 then the words too
form the CONNEXIONS!
ore the words we fly down
ond the words we fly up
ond down we con.ride words

which is to soy to/from The East

8 God!
O femole you hove be-
come femole
come, bow femole
to (be) The Eost!

(for Lorno)


MJS